

Serenity.

IN attending communal meetings I have lately found an extraordinary restlessness. We Jews are, of course, individualists and we have a great love for disputation. Some of our people are ready with a refutation even before they have heard the argument. There is a story of a Talmudic student who when he saw two people arguing rushed up to them and said, "What is the question? I have a good answer."

I wonder when some of our folk will learn to have a certain sense of tolerance with regard to the opinions of those which happen to oppose their own? It is all to the good if there is a ready acknowledgment of the right of other people to express themselves differently from one's point of view on any given communal problem.

At our communal meetings when someone arises to express an opinion which happens to be against that of the majority, there is at once murmurs of dissent and an open hostility shown to the speaker. This is not healthy at all. A calmness and serenity of mind is the first essential requisite of the genuine and earnest communal worker.

Homeless.

WHO would like to have some scrolls of the law?

The housing of these sacred treasures is causing some concern to our brethren in Kiev. The last synagogue in that city was recently confiscated by the Soviet authorities. As a result a new problem has arisen for the Jews—the storing of about 500 scrolls of the law which belonged to the forty-three synagogues which formerly existed in Kiev.

All the scrolls were kept at the synagogue which has just been confiscated, and now the authorities demand that the Jews should immediately find other accommodation for the scrolls.

The Jews, in their turn, are also anxious to remove them from the synagogue, as they fear that the Soviet authorities may confiscate or destroy them.

It is felt that Soviet officials, are likely to treat Jews in possession of scrolls of the law as clergy. Jewish leaders may dispatch the scrolls of the law to a Jewish community abroad.

All a very strange and tragic procedure—is it not?

A Poet.

IT is always a tragedy when a young tree is blown up from its anchor in solid earth by the gusts of a cruel wind. I am reminded of this by the untimely

Current Communal Comments

By
'Hamabit'

and tragic end of Horace Mark Dubb of Port Elizabeth. This young man, who qualified as an attorney at an extremely early age and who was possessed of a brilliant and scholarly mind, found life a puzzling problem upon his entry on the threshold of manhood. The faith in him was not strong enough to offset the sentence he had imposed upon himself.

One feels deeply for the sorrow engendered in the hearts of parents at the loss of a young oak they had nurtured with such great care. In the passing of Horace Dubb, the Jewish community has lost a brilliant son, and South Africa has been deprived of a young writer who would undoubtedly have developed—as he matured—into a poet of rare merit.

Gabrilowitsch.

TO lovers of music the name of Ossip Gabrilowitsch is familiar as that of a great pianist and distinguished conductor. As son-in-law of Mark Twain he has acquired, incidentally, a certain vicarious celebrity as well. His Jewish descent, however, has until recently been discussed only in whispers; and even on occasion denied—though not as far as I know, by the artist himself.

At any rate, Gabrilowitsch was the distinguished Russo-American musician, and that was that. Then, Mr. Gabrilowitsch decided to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He stood at the portal of the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus, he cast his glance about from the hills of Jerusalem, and viewed the skies above the heights of Lebanon. He absorbed the atmosphere of the historic cradle of three great religions, and of an ethic that has remained fundamental in the moral codes of the civilised world. The scene left its mark on the artist's soul.

Recently, Mr. Gabrilowitsch returned a handsome fee he received, that it might be forwarded to the department of music at the Hebrew University. A short time before, he had appeared in joint recitals with Mischa Elman, and devoted the proceeds towards furthering the renaissance of Jewish music in Palestine. To-day there is no doubt that Palestine has done something to Ossip Gabrilowitsch—something that will enrich the already rich art of

that master musician, even as it will enrich the artistic prospects of music in Jewry.

Taignlach.

AS a guest at a Jewish home in the Golden City during the recent Passover festival, I was intrigued to find as a special treat I was offered *Charoses* with my piece of egg-matzo and my cup of tea. I explained as delicately as possible to my newly-wed and charming hostess that this delicacy

was only meant for consumption at the table during the *Seder* service. I was interested, however, to ask where this modern young woman had learnt the art of making *charoses*. In reply I was informed in unabashed fashion that this rare delicacy had been purchased in a Johannesburg store.

Now I learn that that supreme Jewish delicacy known as *taignlach* is not only purchaseable in Jewish delicatessen stores in the Golden City, but has been made a marketable commodity in America and will no doubt be imported shortly in tins to this country. There is a Rabbi Jacobson who lives in the city of Boston in New England, U.S.A. This gentleman advertises a brand of Aperion Honey Balls—in reality *taignlach*—for delectable consumption by Jewish customers.

Thus specific and intimate Jewish *macholim* are being made use of commercially. We know that *lokshen* is no longer being prepared and cut up in Jewish homes, for the canned *macaroni* has taken its place. Even the famous vegetable dish—*chrain*—is manufactured by Heinz, and now our much-beloved *taignlach* have become Aperion Honey Balls!

Water.

TWO Jews, who had recently arrived in America, were sauntering along Broadway when they suddenly felt very thirsty. They entered a smart restaurant and after sitting for a few moments, noticed an American gentleman come in and order what appeared to be a colourless liquid. He drank this quickly and gave the waiter five dollars.

When the waiter approached them, the two Jews, who could not speak English, made the waiter understand that they wished for a similar drink as that which had been consumed by the American gentleman. The waiter, thereupon, brought them two glasses of the liquid which they drank and each of them gave the waiter five dollars.

After a while Chaim said to Zorach: "You know, if we had not paid five dollars each, I would have sworn that it was water."